

Back In Balbaad

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Summary: Drabble, one-sided SinJu. Meet me in Balbaad. At the harbor, in early morning.

Back In Balbaad

\_"To show someone that you love them,  
>you have to<br>cut your chest  
>break your ribs<br>and then show them that your heart is  
true."\_

—...—

The harbor is cold and lonely. Isolated. A single solitary figure stands beside one of the larger ships, starrng into the distance. He's grown impatient, but he's promised that he'd come to this very spot, in the icy fog of dawn.

Wrapped in multiple rich robes to keep him warm and also concealed from view, one would hardly guess that this man, waiting in the early morning port of Balbaad was Sinbad, high king of Sindria. His trademark amethyst ponytail is tucked beneath the robes, and a muffler is wrapped around his mouth and nose. Whether or not he's inhaling a bit too much carbon dioxide doesn't matter to him - he's been called to this lonely harbor to meet someone, and meet someone he will.

It had started with an anonymous note, left beneath various tax papers on the high king's desk.

\_Meet me in Balbaad. At the harbor, in early morning.\_

Sinbad had the slightest idea who \_'me'\_ was, but he was prepared for the unexpected to show up. \_Ha, \_he thought casually. \_Guess that's always where your mind goes, when you're a king. \_Worse case scenario was that whomever laid the note on his desk was an enemy with hopes

of easy killing.

As Sinbad reclined against the side of the boat, an easy drizzle sprinkles from the sky. Silver-blue rain soaks into his robes, and now he's wet \_and \_cold, dammit. The calm, rippling ocean absorbs the tiny droplets, and when Sinbad looked out to sea, he can see a grey haze covering the water's surface. A sobering sight indeed.

Sinbad continues to wait, and by now, he's half sure that someone was only playing a trick on him, and no one was coming. That would most certainly be an incredibly stupid turn of events, seeing as how difficult it had been to leave Sindria without drawing the attention of his loyal generals.

An hour or so passes. Another one too. Sinbad waits.

After about another hour, there are people coming out of their residencies and Sinbad isn't about to be caught in a near-full bustling port. He turns to leave, before someone grabs him arm tightly. They squeeze down, and Sinbad feels a light pressure on his back when they lean on him.

It's the sight of inky, wavy lengths of hair in his peripheral vision that tell him who it is. \_Judal\_. Sinbad doesn't know what Kou's Magi wants with him, but he's prepared for attack. Sinbad swivels in a three-sixty circle, knocking Judal off his balance and the scrawny Magi falls to the ground. Sinbad can see glowing crimson irises glaring up at him through glossy bangs, and he's slightly surprised when Judal raises an arm, as though he expects Sinbad to help him off the ground. Sinbad makes no move to his aid, and eventually, the Magi sets his arm back down, but makes no move to get up.

"Would... would you accept me?" It's such a tiny, \_weak \_hushed whisper that it takes Sinbad a moment to notice that it's coming from the Magi.

Sinbad's golden gaze is harsh and judging. "As what? My Magi?"

Judal bows his head down even lower, to hide all of his face from view. "As your..." He never does finish the sentence, which irks Sinbad quite unbelievably.

Sinbad reaches an arm down, and grabs the Magi's chin, tilting Judal's face upward to face his own. There's a dusting of pink across the younger's cheeks, and Sinbad looks deep, \_deep \_into those bloody orbs. \_There's anxiety there. He's nervous.\_

"No." It's voiced quick and sudden, and Sinbad lets go of Judal's cheeks, then about faces and begins to head off in the other direction. Somewhere behind him Judal must've finally stood up and left, because when he took one last look back at the port before leaving, there was no one there. Only the empty sliver rain, drizzling into the endless ocean waters.

As Sinbad walks away, he doesn't realize that this is the first of Judal's pleas to make him \_his\_.

Had he known there would be more, he might've said yes.

—...—

\_"Show your heart only  
>to<em>\_ someone that  
>you know will try<br>to stop your bleeding."\_

End  
file.